

Pittsburg State University

Pittsburg State University Digital Commons

Smasher's Mail Newspaper Collection

Southeast Kansas

2011-05-17

Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 5, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.pittstate.edu/smashers_mail

Recommended Citation

Nation, Carrie Amelia, "Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 5, 1901" (2011). *Smasher's Mail Newspaper Collection*. 11.

https://digitalcommons.pittstate.edu/smashers_mail/11

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Southeast Kansas at Pittsburg State University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Smasher's Mail Newspaper Collection by an authorized administrator of Pittsburg State University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact mmccune@pittstate.edu, jmauk@pittstate.edu.

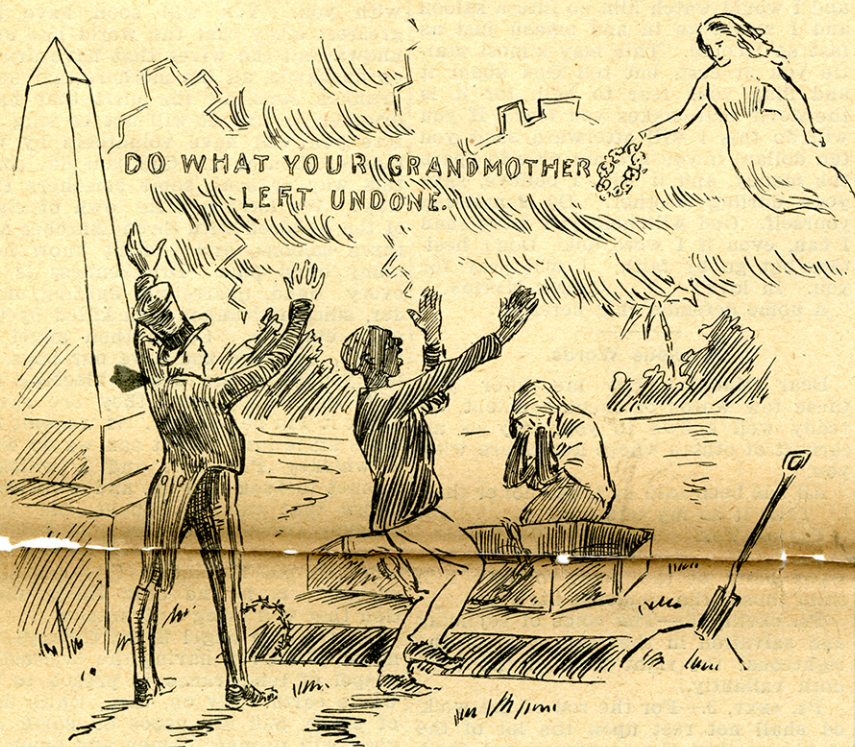
Smasher's Mail

VOL. I. NO. 5.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

PRICE 5 CENTS

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."



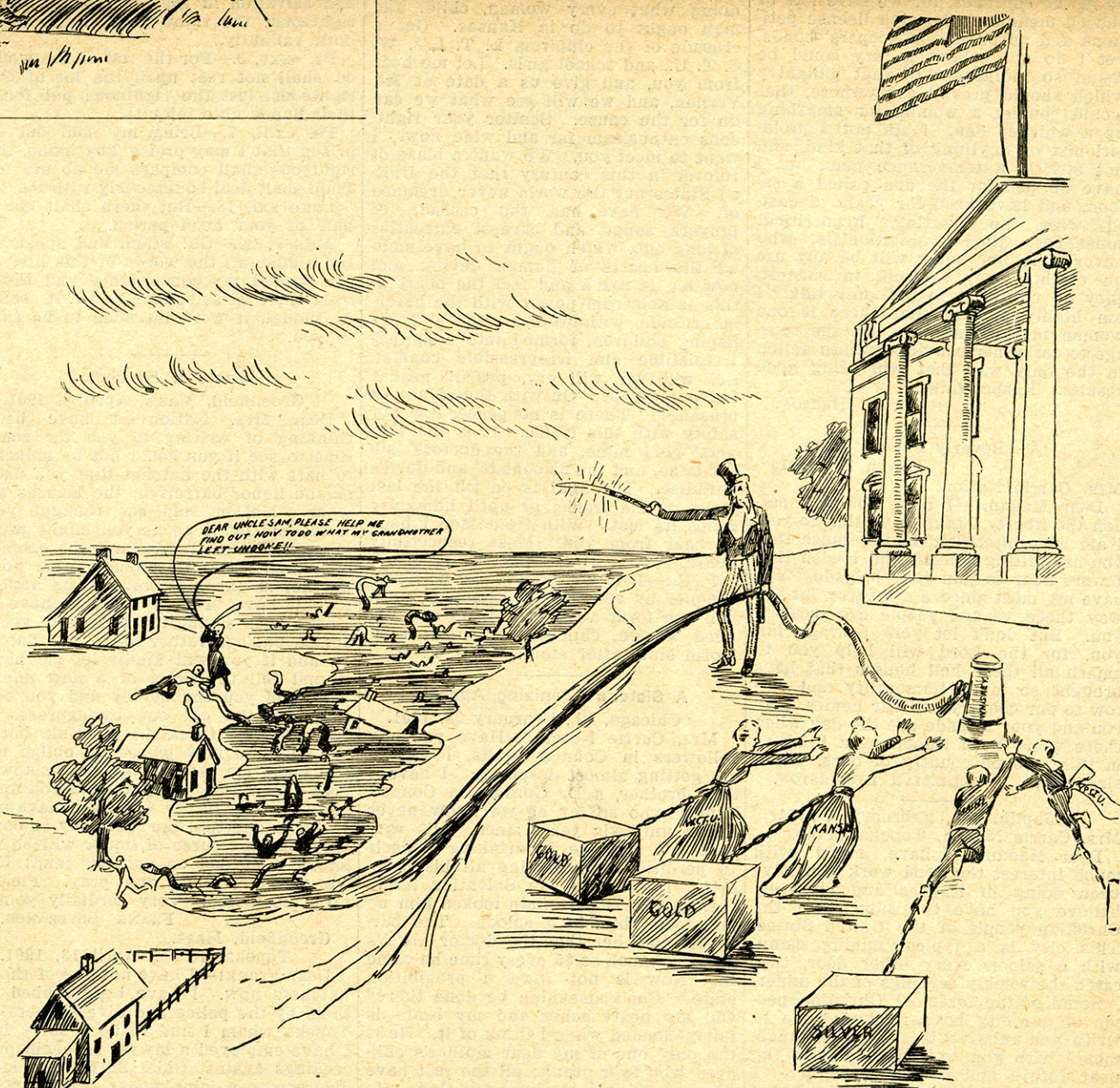
Do What Your Grandmother Left Undone.

Emporia, Kans. March 25, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation:
"Behold the hour to strike is at hand
By order of the heavenly Promoter's
command."

You say it was God's voice that bade you smash those joints? I doubt it not, for I too have received a command from Him relating to another feature of the temperance question, and that is to cut off the demand for whisky by teaching the drunkard to let it alone. As my efforts to discover how to do this have so far been unsuccessful, I thought perhaps you might see fit to lend a helping hand or give me some advice on the subject. I trust you will be able at least to illustrate and print the message God has entrusted to me for Uncle Sam, for upon his receiving it depends the fate of the drunkard's child and the welfare of the Filipino. I'm sorry not to be able to illustrate it myself, but as the talent of the drunkard's child like the wild flower in the sunless glen, is doomed to perish ere it sees the light of day. I feel that you will kindly do what I have left undone. It may be that it was through you it was to reach his ears, for it seems to me almost sublime to see a dear old grandmother defying the laws of a Christian nation for the sake of the little child.

The title of the poem is the command I received from a bodiless voice five years ago, but not until the voice addressed me the second time did I comprehend its meaning fully. This was soon after the battle of Santiago. I was awakened one Sunday morning seemingly by some one pressing my head between his hands, and on sitting up and opening my eyes I saw a halo of dazzling light at the head of my cot and heard a voice from out of it say unto me, "Your message is for Uncle Sam." As I am not a medium nor never was

(Continued on page 16.)



LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE

AND SYMPATHIZERS.

DuBois, Pa., February 6, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dead Madam:—I have just read in today's paper an account of your last battle at Topeka, and take the liberty of congratulating you on the result. Your plan is somewhat radical, but is certainly quite effective.

When it is admitted that drunkenness is either directly or indirectly the source of nearly all the crime committed in the land, and the cause of a very large share of the poverty, it would seem that men, women and children would enlist under your banner, as they did in the eleventh century under the leadership of Peter the Hermit in the wars of the Crusades.

Take the ordinary saloon, as a sort of preparatory school for young men in every community and follow it through. The graduating class will be an army of worthless vagabonds. Owing to the political influence of the saloon element, you will have a hard battle, but I believe there still remains in the people of this country sufficient regard for the welfare of the youth and common decency to sustain you in your grand effort. One good woman, with an axe, will do more to drive the saloon nuisance out of the land than a thousand temperance societies organized merely to hear themselves talking, and inadvertently advertise the liquor business. The good people, if there are any, will now have to line up, and either take the side of the miserable saloon, which they all say is bad, very bad, dreadfully bad, or take the side of right, and stand up like good men and women should do. Is it possible that in a great state full of churches, and thousands of church members, with many weak whining preachers, that you will not be sustained in your effort to drive the saloons out of the state? I trust they will flock to your aid with thousands of hatchets. A bad case needs a desperate remedy.

In our state, where the saloons control nearly all the elections, and are located in nearly every house except in the churches, and they might as well be in the churches, for we have lots of church members who sign license petitions and go on saloon keepers' bonds, yet I do not believe a jury could be found so indifferent to that gallantry which should prevail everywhere, that would convict a woman for smashing up a whiskey den. I am not a prohibitionist or anything of that kind, and not strictly a temperance man, but I have no use for the den called a saloon, and have been for years disgusted with the blatting, hypocritical nuisances called prohibitionists, who never were nor never will be any use on earth. They are not in earnest, they do not want to act, only talk. I am highly pleased that there is one woman in the land who has the courage to carry her convictions into action in the only way that will bring good results. Respectfully,

D. S. HERRON.

Beverly Farme, Mass.,
March 14, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. I am very interested in the cause that you are pitting against and I wish that I were near to join your brigade. You have my most sincere sympathy for the way those wicked people are treating you. But don't let your courage fail you, for the Lord will help you to smash all these hell houses that have brought so much immorality and sorrow to our country and our homes. May you and your brigade see the day when there won't be a saloon or a brewery in this beloved country of ours. Yours sincerely,

LILLIAN LIVINGSTON.

Joplin, Mo., February 8, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Madam:—I have noted with much interest the good work you have been doing in Kansas and sincerely believe you have the support of the Christian people of the United States. This city is a typical mining camp, with a saloon every other door, that catch the weekly earnings of the miner.

Some of the foremost Christian people of our city have requested me to write you relative to making arrangements with you to visit Joplin in the near future and deliver a lecture. I am confident it would be productive of

good results, and would be the means of brightening many a home, and the saving of many young men.

The city is within twenty minutes' ride of the Kansas line, or Galena, Kan., which is as bad as Joplin.

We would be willing to guarantee you a goodly sum, for your expense in coming and the good of the cause. Will you kindly advise me by return mail whether it would be possible for you to come at all, and if so, at what time. May God bless and protect you, is the earnest prayer of your co-worker and friend. Yours sincerely,

J. F. DEBARRY, Secretary.

A Letter of Encouragement.

Mt. Vernon, Mo., February 11, 1901.

Mrs. C. Nation, Topeka, Kan.:—Matt. 12: 50. I have asked the post master to find you if not in Topeka. In some way I wish you to get a letter of encouragement, and if in your power to come to Mt. Vernon, and arouse the people to the illicit sale of rum as they have never been. You may ask, who is the writer? In answer—I am a brought up prohibitionist with an unappeasable hatred of the rum power; 53 years old; enlisted during the war of life with five good boys surrounded with the baleful influences of Mt. Vernon rum. My wife is president of the local W. C. T. U. at Union Springs, where we live, 5 miles east of Mt. Vernon. My brother's wife is the district president here of the W. C. T. U. I have been teacher and public reader, and have taught in Pennsylvania and Missouri schools, and have suffered for the righteous cause of prohibition, and am ready for the enemy's powder now. I verily believe this nation wants a national crusade just about in the form that Mrs. Carrie Nation has begun. I have ever been an admirer of John (Osawatimie) Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, and am happy to see his spirit marching on in Mrs. Nation and others.

My most earnest prayer is for their unlimited success. My desire is to scatter the fire, so like the leaven, it may leaven the whole lump. You are doing what every woman, child, and man ought to do in Kansas. Get a crusade of the children, L. T. L's, W. C. T. U., and school girls. Let me hear from you, and give us a date at Mt. Vernon, and we will see what we can do for the cause. Scatter your righteous enthusiasm far and wide now. I want to meet you. We want a blaze of reform in this century that the United States nor the world never dreamed of. We have had the crusade of prayers, songs, and earnest entreaties of long ago, which ought to have melted the hearts of human devils; and now let us reach and feel the heart of this satanic rum power with the hatchet crusade, with women, men and our lisping children, formed into a mighty irresistible and irrepressible conflict. Let whoever will cry, peace! peace! Let our cry be, "On with the righteous crusade!" There is no peace, law nor safety with this traffic. It is the lawyers' gold mine, and the doctors' silver mine, and the saloonists' and devil's paradise. The fight is on till the last grasp of the traffic, or until humanity gasps its last. With front face I hope to hear from you. Most respectfully yours,

DANIEL E. WOODS.

P. S.:—I do not believe we will ever conquer by votes alone. Lecture, until you can form a Gideon's band of 1,000 tried women, children and men; then storm state after state. D. E. W.

A Sister's Agonizing Appeal.

Chicago, Ill., February 28, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Have you any followers in Council Bluffs, Iowa? I am getting almost desperate. I have a dear brother, a Dr Gordon, in Council Bluffs, who so far as we know never drank until six years since. His wife died and now he is drinking himself to perdition and wasting all his property. I wrote to the Salvation Army there and a lady captain looked him up and found him in a saloon. The bartender told her that the doctor always spent as much as \$5 every time he came in. Now is not Iowa a prohibition state? Can't smashing be done there? Oh, my heart aches and my brain is fairly clouded when I think of it. He is the only one of my dear mother's children who ever drank; all the rest have been prominent workers for God. He

himself was for many years a great worker in the church. From a fair-haired boy at his mother's knee he has been taught to detest the accursed drink. I can not think how he ever came to so give way. Will you advise me as to the best course to pursue? I do not wish to do anything wrong but unless something is done I do not know what will become of him soon. I sincerely trust and pray that he may be snatched from the awful consequences of a drunkard's death—a drunkard's hell. Oh, why will the temperance people remain so indolent! It seems to me that the W. C. T. U. is only a temperance organization in name, since Miss Willard died. Tame measures will never do. My brother has been called a brilliant physician—was surgeon three years in one place—now he does not practice at all and is spending all his means. He has two sweet children who need a father's care. Before this demon drink took possession of him he was a loving and gentle father; now he cares for nothing but drink. Yours in Jesus' work,

MISS M. GORDON HECK.

In answer to the above the editor wrote the following:

In Jail, Topeka, March 3, 1901.

My poor darling Sister:—I know what your poor heart feels. God direct something to save. If I were you I would go to that place, Council Bluffs, and I would watch him go into a saloon and I would go in and smash just as fast as I could. This may almost startle you at first, but tell God about it and fling your fear to hell, for it is the devil that makes you fear. If you will do this I will afterward send you ten dollars if you are not able to spare the money, and it will, I believe, save your darling brother. Do something yourself. God will help you more than I can, even if I were out. Don't hesitate but go by faith. I will pray for you. In love,

CARRIE NATION.

A home defender that defends.

Precious Words.

Dear Madam:—Let me offer you these few words of encouragement, already well known to you, only as an earnest of others whose hearts are with you.

All has been said by those holier than I. Take it as my offering.

Taylor, Tex. ALICE GRAINGER.

Ps. cxviii, 1.—For he shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those who condemn his soul.

Ps. cxviii, 15.—The voice of rejoicing and salvation in the tabernacle of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord doth valiantly.

Ps. cxv, 3.—For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Ps. cxlii, 7.—Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise Thy name, the righteous shall compass me about: for Thou shalt deal bounteously with me.

Luke xxi, 18.—But there shall not a hair of your head perish.

Acts v, 20.—Go! stand and speak in the temple all the words of this life.

I opened my concordance and these were the first selections I saw. It seems as though it were intended to be said of you.

Wants a Hatchet.

Greenfield, Mass., April 8, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I have been thinking of writing to you for some time to see if you could not be induced to part with the hatchet that you used on the liquor barrels in the Kansas saloons. Mother said she thought you would not let it go as you might want to use it again. I am starting a cabinet of curiosities and I should value your hatchet as the most interesting article I would have. Please do let me have it. I have been saving my nickels to get a kodak, but had rather have your hatchet, and if you will kindly let me have it and tell the price of a new one I will send you the money and you can send me the old one by express. I fear you will think me a crank, but I am not, and now please do oblige me and make me the happiest boy in town. I am a Christian and pray that you may be successful in the work you have undertaken and that the time may be coming when the curse of liquor will be no longer a burden on our fair land; but we can only hope and pray. Please drop me a line. Very cordially yours,

FRANK SEVERANCE.

Greenfield, Mass.

Topeka, Kans., April 13, 1901.

Dear Frank:—I have not one of those hatchets now. I have been robbed of them by the police and dive keepers of Topeka whom I find to be a sorry lot. I have employed a lawyer to begin proceedings against Chief Stahl, who is a disgrace to a joint-keeper. CARRIE.

An Appeal.

Oregon, Wis., Feb. 8, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

My dear Sister Nation:—As I read day by day of your glorious work I want to say God bless you. My prayer is that the everlasting arms be ever about you and the band of noble mothers and sisters that are in the grandest battle that was ever waged since God breathed into man the breath of life. If I had the tongues of men and of angels and had a million years multiplied by a thousand times ten thousand, I could only begin to tell of the sorrow, wretchedness, bloodshed, caused by this wretched whiskey business.

I am an old, wornout minister, in my 77th year. I have fought the whiskey devil all these years, have never drunk the first glass in all my life. My thought is that the man that furnishes the gun to kill is just as much to be blamed as the man that does the shooting, and sometimes more.

Can we really blame the poor, ignorant fellows, saloon-keepers, when they have the law of the land and the influence of nearly all the churches. I tell you that here is the difficulty. If the Christian people would do their duty you would not have to do any smashing. Well, as they will not do what they know to be their duty, God bless you. Go on with smashing. I believe that the God of heaven will be with you. You will soon have the greatest army that the world has ever known—all the wives that have drunken husbands, all the mothers that have drunken sons, all the girls that have drunken lovers. It will not be long before you will have volunteers by the tens of thousands. Can you not come this way or send some smashers this way? We have a little town of eight of ten hundred with three churches and three saloons, and I don't know how many blind pigs. Drunkenness is on every hand, quarreling, fighting, murder, suicide, drunken men killed by the cars, etc., etc. Come, thou angel of mercy, do come and save our boys. I tell you there are hearts bleeding for lost sons, and unless they are saved quick it will be too late. If we wait for votes all is lost. What can we do with a whiskey President and a whiskey cabinet to back him up, and with legislators that can be bought and with whiskey going with barrels of money?

I firmly believe that our God has called you and put in motion this smashing process. It is the only thing under God that will bring deliverance.

This is the angel flying through the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel of temperance to preach to the whole earth. Fly on, then, white dove of peace, and cry peace on earth and good will to men. Amen and amen.

Yours in faith, hope, and charity.

J. H. WALDRON.

Needed in West Virginia.

Fairmount, W. Va., March 15, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—As I have read so much of your work in papers about joint smashing I thought I would write you a letter and tell you what an evil city this is, and I think you are the very woman that is needed here, for this town is full of gambling dens, houses of ill-fame, and saloons, so it is hardly safe to be outside of your door after dark. Sometimes I am almost tempted to take a brick and smash some of the joints myself. Whiskey and women of ill-fame have destroyed many a happy home in this place and I think it is time for some one to do something. I hope the Lord will have you to come here next, so I will not write any more this time. Hoping you will soon come here, I remain a true friend to you,

MRS. L. W.

The Right Ring.

Kansas City, Mo., April 8, 1901.

Mrs. Nation:—We received five copies of your paper last week and sold them, which you will find the money for. We can sell twenty copies every week and if you send us twenty copies every week we will sell them for you and send the money each week. We have a good meeting of the Home Defenders every Friday night, and hope to have you with us at the earliest possible date. We have enlarged our mission here and can comfortably seat 700 people now, and if you will come here and make one speech for us we can double the order on your paper. I am sure we are trying to get the saloons closed here on Sunday and we hope the police commissioners will not refuse to act when we put a petition before them that we have in vogue now. We have 100 names on it now and want more before we present it.

A committee of the defenders waited on the commissioners week before last, and they would not recognize us, but

if they refuse to recognize our petitions, we will go into the smashing business here, and you will hear from us soon. We have got fifty of the best God-loving, God-working workers here in Union Mission there are in the world I believe, and we dare do anything for God and the right. We have been visiting the saloons here and giving out tracts with the law of the state and city on them, of which I will send you a copy. We were thrown out of one of these murder-mills. The two bartenders cursed us and threw one of the ladies against the bar and hurt her back. There were four ladies with me and I had a warrant issued and had them taken before the police judge, and the city attorney and judge made sport of us in the court room. And after the evidence was given in the judge said the bartenders had a perfect right to throw us out and curse us, too, if he wished, and dismissed the case.

C. A. MANN.

Threw Light When Most Needed.

Shelbyville, Mo., March 2, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Please allow one over in Missouri, where the people are wholly under the yoke of the saloon and dive, to express his gratitude to God who has so graciously heard the prayers of ten thousand Rache.s weeping sore in the night for their children slain by rum, and has raised up a twentieth century Deborah for the relief of His people and the destruction of this red-handed Sisera, the liquor traffic. May every good man and woman in Kansas join you in this holy war until the curse of the joint and dive shall be forever removed from the noble state, which not only led in giving freedom to the slave, but has also been a pioneer in striking off the shackles of rum and beer from this still and brewery enslaved country of ours. The good people over here are in the deepest sympathy with your righteous war and devoutly pray that your grand life may be under divine protection and guidance every day, and that your health and strength may be preserved and constantly used for His glory and the establishment of His kingdom.

You have been able to throw light upon the settlement of the liquor question just where and when it was most needed, and the watchman upon the walls can now see the golden dawn of the glad day of deliverance from this awful curse. We want to help you in every possible way because your battle is ours also. Please write how we can aid you most effectually, and the Lord bless you in the holy work. Yours most truly,

J. M. O'BRYEN,
Pastor M. E. Church.**Under Control of Saloons.**

Fort Smith, Ark., March 3, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I am a married woman and my husband is no drunkard, but I have no use for intoxicating drinks nevertheless. I admire your bravery and spunk. I think you are right, especially where the nude forms are concerned, and I hope you will smash them all.

My husband and I run this hotel, and I have expressed my opinion of you to a great many people, but I find no one here in favor of you. Someone asked me if I would go out smashing with you if you came here. I answered that I would not for I didn't have the nerve, but I had the will all the same, and if you ever came here you would find a warm friend in me. But this town is beyond recall. Almost all the business is done by the saloon. I read in one of the city papers that you had gone to Chicago, from where, if you got away alive, you would come to Fort Smith, and here you would be planted. I am about your only friend in Fort Smith.

I hope you will soon be at liberty to take up your work again, and I hope you will prosper. If I were able I would give you money enough to do anything you wanted to.

You are too busy to answer my letter I know, and I will not ask it of you. But I glory in your work and your triumphs and give you my best wishes as to your success, for you have started a better work than any woman who has ever lived before you.

MRS. A. V. RUPPRECHT.

The Great Crime.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.
Dear Madam:—I am not financially situated to become a subscriber to your paper this year, but will say all speed to your courage and wielding of the hatchet. May it become as powerful as David's sling and stone for the destruction of Goliath. Yes, Mrs. Nation, it is a terrible crime—your smashing up the hell holes with your hatchet—but it is no crime for a man to get filled

up with hell's fluid and come home to his wife and family and smash up the glass and furniture and deal the same fate to his wife and children as to his household effects, while under the influence of the demon liquor. It always seems strange to me that a man is so blind and ungrateful as to not more effectually see that woman is on the whole a benefactor, made for man's welfare and happiness in general. Let your hatchet open the eyes of the blind and bring happiness and good to all homes is the prayer of yours for good.

I am, madam, very respectfully yours,
CHARLES CASHCART.

P. S.—Keep within the bounds of the law in your state is my advice and in doing so your action is as legal as the constitution under which the people of the state live, move and have their being; a state broken and rotten from its highest official to its lowest and most degraded officer.

C. C.

A Letter I Got While in Wichita Which I Value for Its Heroic Spirit of Christian Love.

Memphis, Tenn., January 21, 1901.

Mrs. Nation.

My Dear Sister in Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ:—I inclose you a column of our daily paper, The Commercial Appeal, of Memphis, wherein is published a piece of your noble work which I do hope and pray you will be able to continue with success. With the help of the Lord you can do everything. The Lord will be our bondman; He will be our counsel; He will plead our cases, and if our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was a prisoner, why can't we be? But, dear Sister, let us pray for them that put us in prison, for remember what our Savior says in St. Matthew, chapter xviii, verse 6: But whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. So, dear Sister, bless the Lord and praise Him for He is our God: His spirit is good, to lead us unto the land of uprightness, to strengthen us, O Lord, for thy name's sake; for thy righteousness' sake bring our soul out of trouble, and of thy mercy remember our enemies. Lord, do hear my prayer, I pray thee, and have mercy on all of them that afflict our souls: for we are thy servants. Bless the Savior, bless His name forever and ever. Good-by, dear Sister in the Lord. If you answer my letter, address MINNIE LEE.

P. S.—The reason I do not give my number is because I am a mulatto negro girl, 19 years old, and with few privileges and no education, but I wrote this letter and hope you can read it with little trouble. God bless you. Good-by.

Salvation Army Lass.

Rochester, N. Y., March 1, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister in Christ:—I have read of your brave attacks on the hellish saloons and rejoice in the work God has given you to do. We pray God's power, grace and glory to rest upon you and His wings to protect you.

Myself, with others, go through the saloons here every Saturday night with a paper we publish, "The Gospel Worker;" we sell the paper and talk salvation and invite the people to our meetings held every night. We have seen some saved as a result of our labors. The saloon-keepers get well stirred at times, but we tell them the truth without fear. There are over five hundred saloons here in this city. Quite a number of the sisters in our work have expressed themselves ready to help should you come to this city. My husband has charge of the work known as "The Gospel Workers." I will send you our paper, which you may find time to look over. I have a report of the saloon work in every month.

This awful evil demands extreme measures. An outraged country is crying to God! The Lord bless and lead you and give you great strength and courage and power over every devil.

EMMA L. EASTMAN.

Invitation to Smash in New York.

Willits Point, New York Harbor, N. Y., March 1, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I have been very much interested in your work since you began smashing saloons and getting rid of the agent that is daily destroying thousands of souls and corrupting the morals of humanity. I pray God's blessings upon you and trust you may never grow weary in the good work you have successfully begun until you have fully accomplished your purpose.

Could you kindly give us some of your valuable time in the East?

I can assure you of plenty of support

if you will only make up your mind to start a crusade in New York City, where the police force have utterly failed in their efforts to suppress vice.

What we need is a leader—someone with the backbone to lead the immense army awaiting the command of the "Generaless."

May heaven smile upon you and crown your efforts with decided success.

Would be delighted to know that you can come East, and promise to arrange matters satisfactorily, in case you de-

to come.

MRS. FRANK R. REDMAN.

From a Wicked City.

Louisville, Ky., March 4, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I have been watching the newspaper accounts concerning you and your work against the saloon in Kansas. I at first was against you, because I thought you had a selfish purpose in view, either doing the smashing for money or for the notoriety. I was not at all in sympathy with your method, though I was certainly in sympathy with your purpose.

I was pleased to note that a sermon was preached by a Louisville pastor yesterday concerning your work and method, so I took the liberty to mail you a copy of a newspaper which gave the matter some notice.

There is scarcely a person of my acquaintance, and I have many, who seems to believe that you have a good purpose. Many people about here think you are insane; as for myself, I am convinced at last from reading the papers that you are honestly trying to do the right thing, and may you live long and come out victorious in all your efforts is my wish. Very truly,

B. F. MALOTT.

Will Smash Also.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I have read with much interest of your joint smashing expedition and consider that you are doing the greatest work that is being accomplished for the betterment of mankind. You have several disciples here, and I look for a general raid to be made on the hell holes of this place in a few days. All we lack now is having a leader, and wish it were possible that you could visit Tullahoma to help perfect a genuine organization for that purpose. But as it is impossible for you

to be at and visit all places, I shall ask you to kindly send us a sample copy of the Peoria Journal to be read in our meeting of next week. I know that when your editorials are read that it will add great enthusiasm to the assembly, and cause them to push forward with more vigor to accomplish the noble work which you have so auspiciously begun. Hoping that I may see a copy of your paper before long, and wishing you God speed in all your work, I am, your sister crusader,

MRS. BARCLAY WILLIAMS.

Tullahoma, Tenn.

The Great Earthquake of the Lquor Joints in Kansas.

Allow me to say that Carrie Nation is doing a good work in the unconstitutional state of Kansas on the joints. I honor her in her bravery and courage to disjoin the joints; which action substantiates the fact, namely, that the sovereignty of a government lies not in its officers, but in the people who constitute the bone and sinew of the nation. Hence let Carrie Nation and her hatchet rule in the abolition of the liquor traffic and I trust she will carry the nation with her. All the above lines and principles should actuate every thoughtful, sober citizen in this land, until the accursed liquor traffic is totally sunk in oblivion. Will our country be free from this curse?

Then and not till then will this country be great, glorious, and free. First flower of the ocean, first gem of the sea.

God is the sovereign, Lord we bow.

And should our rulers wonder

If we should rally round the constitution

Whose laws they trample under?

The hatchet of Carrie Nation

Will split them asunder

And make them come under

When temperance women

Will carry the day.

CHARLES CASHCART.

A Suggestion.

Shelton, Conn., Feb. 25, 1901.

Dear Mother Nation:—You have been so named by one of your co-laborers, as I see by the New Voice, and I suppose I may follow suit. I see also that you invite the co-operation of all who sympathize with you in your work.

I fully believe your inspiration to be from God, and hence am in full sym-

pathy with you. But would not intrude upon you at present when you are so full of business except that I have a suggestion to make. Would it not be possible to secure the arrest and punishment of the perjured mayor of Winfield? If this could be done it would seem as if Winfield might become your Waterloo. Yours for righteousness,

A W. C. T. U. WOMAN.

Prays for the Cause.

Nurdyke, Nev., Feb. 28, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Temperance people away out here in California and Nevada are watching with prayerful interest your work in Kansas.

I send you a marked copy of the Pacific Prohibitionist. In it you will see that other papers than prohibition papers have espoused the cause of justice.

I am 70 years old today, a superannuated minister of the M. E. church, California conference. I have been a temperance worker for fifty years, and I never forget to pray for you and your work. May God bless you and give you victory complete.

REV. F. M. WILLIS.

Formerly of Kansas.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 25, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I have been deeply interested in accounts of your efforts for the overthrow of the saloon and the protection of the home in Kansas. My sympathies and heart-felt wishes are with you in your struggle. I am especially interested in Kansas affairs since eighteen years of my boyhood were spent within its boundary lines.

I vote the prohibition ticket straight, so you will not make a vote of me. My former home was in Ottawa County, in the village of Tescott.

LEWIS E. FRAZEUR.

Threatens Home and Country.

Arrowsmith, Ill., Feb. 27, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I want to extend to you my hand in most earnest congratulation and encouragement. My sympathy is with you in your brave and noble battle with the greatest curse and most untamable monster that threatens the individual citizen, the home, and the country, and the most deadly and implacable foe of law and civilization as well as our

people. I am sure that your noble and true. God help you and preserve you unharmed from the wrath, curses, and vengeance of the liquor monster. Yours for good, for home, and country,

J. W. GILBERT.

Some Fruits of Rum.

Denver, Col., March 8, 1901.

My dear Mrs. Nation:—I have heard of your work and hope you will succeed. I would like very much for you to come to Denver and make the saloons here shut up. I know what liquor does for my father drank and it made him treat my mother bad. They both left me and got a divorce and now he is a pauper and my mother is married again. I am staying at the Working Boys' Home and School, and like it very much.

FORREST WHITMARK.

Be Making of Our Boys.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I see by the papers that you are cleaning out the springs with a scoop shovel. That is right. Throw out all the filth which has been thrown in by our forefathers while trying to make constitutional amendments to our divine law.

It will be hard on you, but it will be the making of our boys. You will not have to remember the password, for Peter will have the gate thrown wide open for you. DANIEL W. BOUTWELL.

Wanamaker, Kan.

Endorsement.

Wilsonville, Neb., March 1, 1901.

Resolved, That the Wilsonville Temperance Society endorse Mrs. Nation's crusade against the dives of Kansas and we hereby extend to her our heartfelt sympathy and encouragement.

That these resolutions become a part of the records of this society and a copy be sent to the heroic woman in her lonely cell in Topeka. By order of

WILSONVILLE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
BERTHA VAN CLEAVE, Secy.**Liquor in Opera House.**

Muscatine, Iowa, Feb. 10, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—You are advertised to lecture on temperance in our new opera house. Almost behind you, there is a wire connected with a saloon just opposite. The sole purpose of the wire is to call for the stuff that you are waging war against for the satisfaction of the habitues of the house. It is a fitting place for your talk and the

young manager is a good subject to listen if not too full. Yours for the cause,
SYMPATHIZER.

Mrs. Lease's famous saying altered as a motto for the Home Defenders: "Carrie Moore hatchets and less corn-juice."
HARVEY WORRAL.
Topeka, Kan.

Get from U. S. deputy revenue collector a list of all persons who have obtained U. S. government licenses in that district (they all have them; are afraid to run without Uncle Sam's backing). Then, you see, the fact that anyone gets U. S. permission to sell liquors is sufficient evidence, not to convict, but to get an injunction—possibly at first a temporary injunction—and later a permanent U. S. government injunction. That will shut everything tight.
L. DENNICK KIRK.

I am a woman with four children. I live on Emmet street. I have been robbed of a comfortable home, my little children are bare of clothes, and since yesterday morning my little children and I have had nothing but corn-bread and tea. I have applied to Mrs. Nation for help and hope the people of Topeka may help me to sustain myself and little children. Mrs. Nation has rendered me some help and says I can sell her papers for her and pictures. Yes, there was no meal in my house, but a bottle of whisky was hid in the coal-house.
MRS. CLARA JACKSON.

From Nebraska.

Falls City, Neb., Feb. 28, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Permit me in this way to reach my hand to you and to the noble, true-hearted women of Kansas, saying God bless you and make you an increasing blessing to the state and nation by arousing the manhood of Kansas to the doing of their duty in erasing the very shadow of the saloon from Kansas.
J. S. W. DEAN.

Willing to Give His Help.

Norwich, Kan., February 7, 1901.
Mrs. Nation.
Dear Sister in Christ:—I am reading of your work in the saloons in Topeka. May the Lord help you, and I wish I had a hundred thousand to help you with, but I have not, and I am too old to get it now, but I will help you in every way I can.
Yours in Christ, DANIEL J. BROWN.

Greetings.

Coldwater, Mich., March 7, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation:—At a meeting of our local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, March 5, it was decided by vote to send you a word of greeting and appreciation of your noble work.
We are in hearty sympathy with you and wish there were more Carrie Nations. Very sincerely,
MRS. F. R. DRURY, President.
MRS. H. C. CRIPPEN, Cor. Secy.

Endorses the Cause.

At a meeting of Holyoke (Mass.) Good Templars the liveliest discussion of the day was aroused over Carrie Nation. Rev. O. R. Miller presented the following resolution: "Resolved, That we endorse the methods of Mrs. Carrie Nation in destroying saloon property in Kansas, where all such property is outlawed; but that we would not favor such a method in Massachusetts where saloons are legalized by a vote of the people."
"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to write a letter to Mrs. Nation commending her in her noble work."
These resolutions were carried unanimously.

"Of Your Father, the Devil."

From the Times-Journal of Oklahoma City of March 2, 1901:

"Jack Spain, who has just opened the Southern, the finest equipped saloon in the southwest, has an exhibit at his place a souvenir hatchet which he says was sent to him by Mrs. Nation with the following note:

"Topeka, Kans., Feb. 28, 1901.

"Mr. J. M. Spain, Oklahoma City.

"Dear Sir:—I herewith beg to present you with a souvenir hatchet in recognition of the quality of liquor which you are selling. My efforts are only against 'joint keepers,' and not first-class saloons. Yours respectfully,
"CARRIE NATION."

"Jack is very proud of the little toy but he is prouder of the compliment paid his place."

A letter with the above clipping says: "This man has opened a very finely furnished saloon and his audacity is unbearable. We can not believe and do not believe that you ever sent any

such message but that you are as much opposed to licensed sin in the gilded den as in the joints. Would you consider it worth your while to write an answer to the enclosed statement of Mr. Spain? While not many of us have the courage to lead out as you have, yet we are glad that some one did set in motion an agitation which has resulted in so much good.

Very truly yours,

MRS. F. H. HARPER.

Sister Harper, this Spain is true to his business. He has begun by telling lies. Poor man, he forgets or never read the Bible enough to know that all liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire. Perhaps he does not know that he is a son of Satan. Jesus said: "Ye are of your father the devil and the works of your father ye will do for he was a liar from the beginning."

Friends Across the Line.

Ottawa, Ont., April 5, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—On behalf of Cameron Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars of this city, I must thank you for the noble work you have done towards the cause of temperance.

I also extend to you a cordial invitation to visit this, the capital of Canada, where you shall be most heartily received. Hoping you may meet with success in the end.

JAMES BUCHAN, Secy.

Hatchet Right and Proper.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I can not refrain from expressing my admiration for you in the great work which you have undertaken to do in a sensible and practical way. The right of petition has been dead in this country for many years; the vital part of equity has perished from the statutes covering all moral questions; the thoroughly courageous spirit has largely vanished from the moral opinions and designs of the general public; and these elements are all essential to the permanency of good government and good society. There is no way to resurrect them after they are dead and buried, as they are at present, except to introduce physical methods of reform. This, as I understand it, is the unique position which you hold. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of our fathers, strengthen your heart and your own right arm, to do valiantly the work unto which He has ordained you. Perhaps you may remember when the world's C. T. U. convention was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, some years ago, I chartered a train and conveyed two hundred and eighty-four of the delegates to Plymouth and reviewed with them the old historical sights there. The day was one long to be remembered by me, perhaps by all of the delegates, but it so happened that day that I took occasion to express my belief to the delegates as to how the liquor business could be swept from the face of the earth. I outlined at that time the practical work which you are now doing. My beloved mother inaugurated that work in 1858 in the town of Peninsula, Ohio, with thirty of the leading women to assist her, and cleaned up the town by smashing the liquor paraphernalia as well as the barrels and casks, and emptying the stuff into the streets. The effect was marvelous on the morals of the town, and the results were not harmful to those who engaged in that noble work. The time was not ripe then to make it a general movement, but the time is ripe now, and if, as I said, the women on the Plymouth trip would stand by any leader in this work, it could be done without any fear of harm coming to God's messengers who are engaged in it. Remember always that you and all others who are courageous enough to do your work, shall have my best influence, and prayers. I believe the work is purely a woman's work. It is a work of self defense, it is perfectly natural, and in accordance with every moral standard of right, justice, equity and virtue, as well as being in accordance with every good standard of law, commerce, finance and general prosperity.

CHARLES C. KELLOGG.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 26, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I read of your being here in Cincinnati, and oh! I am so glad, so I thought I'd write you a little letter for I like you. I read all I can about you. I like to hear of your smashing all the saloons for I hate them. I wish you would smash all of them in Cincinnati before you go away. I will throw stones in the windows if you want me to. I have been wishing and wishing you would come here, and now I am so glad you did for the saloons here get all of my papa's money.

They have been getting it for seven years while mamma and I had not enough to eat or wear. When his money was all gone he would go to his mother and she would give him more money to put in the saloons to keep him drunk. Then when he came home he would act like a crazy man. We were afraid of him for he would try to kill us. Now I have no papa for his mother and the saloons have got him. He won't work now because his mother gives him all the money he wants for she would rather see the saloons have it than mamma and I. The saloons do get it all, too, and mamma and I don't get any. And oh! my poor mamma has to work so hard to get along! These saloons are to blame for it. My mamma just got a divorce and wanted alimony. My papa had an awful bad lawyer. His name was Keam. He said my mamma did not need any support or I. My mamma gave papa Dr. Haines' drunk cure. His lawyer told the judge that she was trying to poison papa. She ought to have been arrested and locked up. Then he said, too, that I was old enough to go to work and I am only a little girl 12 years old. This is what these old saloons have done for mamma and me, and I may have to go to the children's home just on account of these old saloons. I wish you would smash all of them; oh, please do! Dear Mrs. Nation, I hate them every one. I wish papa was like me then he wouldn't spend \$20 in one night.

I will bring my letter to a close, hoping to hear that you have smashed all saloons. From a little girl friend,
EVA ROCKWOOD.

An Appeal to the National Prohibition Committee to Concentrate the Forces in Kansas.

EMMETT L. NICHOLS, WILKESBARRE, PA.

It is a fact beyond dispute, that wherever prohibition is carried in a state, the liquor dealers' association of the nation in a menacing manner demand the dominant party in such state that she sees to it that liquor is allowed to be sold in enough places, at least, to make it appear that prohibition is a failure, they knowing that the people once made to see the beneficial effects of prohibition will adopt it generally, as the true solution of the liquor question, as it really is, all other methods having been proven to be absolute failures. The politicians fearing the influence of the power of rum, organized as it is, for self defense yield to the demands of liquorocracy. Mrs. Carrie Nation has shown this to be the true state of affairs in Kansas in her hatchet raid upon the joints of that state. She has shown up to public ridicule the officials of that state, in different places, in demonstrating the fact that they not only refuse to enforce the prohibition law, but screen and protect the violators thereof, and arrest any citizen who attempts to perform the duty which they were sworn to perform. This state of affairs is most exasperating to every lover of country. I contend that Mrs. Nation's hatchet has been the means of bringing about the most critical period of the prohibition reform movement in its history. It has laid open before the world the fact that prohibition does not prohibit in certain portions of Kansas, simply because public officials in violation of their oath of office will to have it so. Now I further contend that unless these officials are forced to do their duty by making prohibition prohibit in Kansas, prohibition will eventually be repealed in that state, and the way thereby made all the more difficult for the triumph of the truth if the officials of Kansas are allowed to continue their work of perfidy in refusing to enforce the prohibitory laws there, prohibition will not only be repealed in that state, but the securing of national prohibition by peaceful means will be an impossibility. Viewing the conditions in Kansas as I do, I am moved to make this appeal to the National Committee of the prohibition party to concentrate its forces in that state, with the view of arousing sufficient sentiment among the people there to drive every "joint" from within her borders. "On to Kansas" should be the battle cry of the prohibitionists of the nation. It is more important that the will of the sovereign power in Kansas be enforced in the matter of prohibition than it was on the principal of the squatter sovereignty there during the days of slavery. It seems to me that it is the bounden duty of the National Prohibition Committee to make this fight. I fail to see any work within its grasp comparing in importance to it. The agitation which Mrs. Nation created with her hatchet is bound to subside unless some organization, having the cause at heart will take the matter in hand

and add fuel to the fire of righteous indignation which has been sweeping the state. The National Prohibition Committee can not afford to look on, letting matters take their course. The time has arrived for action on its part, that it may set the example before the world what the party it represents will do if placed in power. The very soul of every prohibitionist in the nation ought to be on fire in a determined fight for the triumph of prohibition in bleeding Kansas. I believe the struggle being had there now means more, either for the weal or woe of this country, than did the struggle against slavery on the same soil by John Brown and his followers.

National Prohibition Committee, I repeat, "On to bleeding Kansas!"

"Materialized Earnestness" is Good.

Littleton, Iowa, March 16, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Enclosed find five cents in stamps for which please send first copy of your paper "Smashers Mail." I hope your pen may be as effectual as your hatchet, but it seems to me if officials had not lost all sense of feeling, the pen would have influenced them to regard their oath before this. I think materialized earnestness such as you first used, is all that will disgust people with their own apathy.

SARA C. WILBUR.

Unique Idea.

Halliday, Kans., April 3, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I have been reading after you for some time but haven't had the pleasure of seeing you or a copy of your paper. I want to join you if we can agree on a plan. I notice that you never place any blame on the man that buys and drinks the liquor and makes a brute of himself, but place the whole blame on the man who sells it, and you say they (the saloon-keepers, I mean) are murdering our sons. Now, Carrie, don't you really think that if this case were tried before a jury and the full details were shown up that this jury would be liable to find it to be suicide? If you will change your course a little bit and try to stop the manufacturing of liquor, I will go with you and try to drink up what is already made. By so doing we would stop the whole works. Waiting for your opinion.
JAS. C. TWEDDELL.

THE NATURE OF MRS. NATION.

One to Whom She Was Kind Testifies in Her Behalf.

Huntsville, Mo., March 4.—To the Star: I was surprised to see an unkind criticism about Mrs. Carrie Nation coming from a step-daughter, Mrs. White. I know something about the noble character of the lady, having boarded with her several months in Richmond, Tex. Of the history of her life I know nothing other than the time I dwelt under her roof and chaperonage—a young girl without a mother. Her home was pervaded with an atmosphere of culture and happiness. I know that one of her step-daughters, with myself, were recipients of her many acts of kindness. She never turned a tramp away hungry. She was the most devoted daughter to the aged mother of her first husband, Dr. Gloyd, providing her with every comfort with her own industry and good management, for she ran the Nation house, a most charming and popular hotel. Her husband, David Nation, was engaged in editing a paper, I think. She was a prominent member of the church, and not only a member but a practical Christian, never failing to help financially a less fortunate fellow creature. If the world could only know her grand and noble nature as I do, it would step aside and bare its head in respect as she passed by. How bravely she defended her husband, David Nation, on occasions. He dared to be a Republican in an extremely Democratic and aristocratic part of Texas, at a time when it was dangerous to express an opinion contrary to the ruling powers. He was excessively unpopular on account of his politics. At one time a number of the "Old Sons of Democracy" came to his home to take him out and whip him, and would have done so but for the genuine bravery of his wife. She afterward told me she regretted that her impetuosity and intense scorn prompted her to act in a very unladylike manner. She spat in the leader's face. The spirit of a ruler is embodied in the Kansas joint-smasher. She has most nobly discharged her duties to Mr. Nation, and would capably govern the state of Kansas. She would not accept and hold an office under an oath and disregard its obligations. The same daring hands that wielded the hatchet so effectually, smashing joints, have many times rubbed the aches and pains out of the rheumatic joints of the aged limbs of the helpless and dependent and

hushed little babes to sleep on a motherly bosom, under which beats a heart that would encompass the universe in its kind intent. Had she ruled over Great Britain the people in India would not have died of starvation, nor poor Mrs. Maybrick have suffered incarceration for a doubtful crime. If she had been a president's wife she would have done something to help the upbuilding of humanity.—Dean Wear Davis.

This is sweet to me. These words from dear little Dean, whom I used to tell of the evils of flirting and that the days of girlhood would be followed by that of thoughtful and anxious maternity. Have my words proven true, my darling?

No Snap in His Plan.

Owaneco, Ill.

A saloon is simply a factory for drunkards. That is all they produce, there is where at least 90 per cent of the drunkards are made. If you close up the factories where any given article is produced you will lessen the production of that article. Hence, the objective point of all temperance work should be to close the saloon.

Saloon-keepers are in the business for revenue only. Hence, it is to their interest to keep the factories running night and day in order that the supply of customers on whom they depend for their daily bread may not be diminished.

If you want men to quit the saloon business you must fix it so that they can not make any money at it and they will quit it voluntarily. In order to accomplish that object, only two things are necessary: First, Remove the government tax (not license) and this will take at least nine-tenths of the capital out of the business and decrease its power for evil about 90 per cent. The government tax might have been justifiable at one time when we were engaged in a life and death struggle for the maintenance of human liberty; but that crisis is past. Second: Remove all license. If intemperance is an evil it is wrong to license it; and every man, be he saint or sinner, that votes for license, high or low, simply goes in partnership with the devil, furnishes all the capital, does all the hard work and drudgery, pays all the taxes, costs and damages; while the devil simply furnishes a small amount of second-grade brains, to run the business, keeps the books, and collects all the profits.

If my plan is carried out I will guarantee that it will close every saloon in the United States in forty-eight hours, without breaking any glass or destroying any property.

Mothers Arouse!

Hugh Cameron, the Kansas hermit, has written the following to the editor: Camp Ben Harrison, Glen Burn, Douglas County, Kans., Jan. 20, 1901.

Mrs. Nation.
Dear Madam:—In this age of woman servitude and cowardice, (woman the mother of mankind and the mother of the Son of God), the recent occurrence at Wichita is refreshing, calculated to inspire a hopefulness that the woman Moses has arisen. The Hermit of Kansas, notwithstanding the recent attempts to silence him by fires, can not refrain from this public expression, this acknowledgement of his gratitude to Almighty God and Carrie Nation for her heroic attempt to punish the crucifiers for their outrageous disregard of the divine and statute law.

All virtuous mothers in the United States of America should, now, take an especial pride in writing nation with a big N.

The Hermit is in favor of the coronation of Carrie Nation. Respectfully,
HUGH CAMERON, K. H.

Here is a Worker.

Mulberry, Ind., April 5, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister in Christ and fearless worker for the putting down of the strongholds of sin and building up of His kingdom:—If we are truly His, what's the use of being afraid; nothing can harm us. Oh, yes, they can kill the body, but the soul takes its flight to the realms of eternal bliss, thank God! God wants valiant soldiers. They are the kind that do Him the most good. I'm like you, I'm tired of the hypocrites' corner in the church. They pray and do nothing—and the liquor dealers know it. I believe that God wants us women to do something and I don't think it will be done until the women do arise in God's strength and fight for God and home and native land. I am heartily in sympathy with you and will help all I can. Every time I hear your name mentioned a thrill goes through my heart and I say, God bless

Carrie Nation and her little hatchet. I sent word to Mrs. Balck (the lady whom you were with while in Indianapolis) that I would take a hatchet, too, and go to work when she was ready for me or sooner if need be. I got a letter from a friend in Iowa the other day, who is in great sympathy with your work. Iowa was once a prohibition state. I'm at work circulating literature for purity and prohibition. I carried the first remonstrance and helped to carry all the rest. We have no saloon in our little town of Mulberry. While in my estimation this literature does little or no good, yet it is one way to educate and agitate. I'm in the W. C. T. U. to stay until every saloon is vanquished from our land.

MRS. FRANCES V. STECKEL.

Whiskey Shop in Dry Goods Store.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—We Northwest women write to thank you for doing a work that coming generations will thank you for. You are sowing the seed that will bear a rich harvest one hundred years from now. You have already done as much good as dear Frances Willard did. You have not suffered any more than a friend of mine did in the same cause six or seven years ago, and I am only afraid lest the whiskey folks take revenge on you as they did on her, even though it be in some other shape. The finest dry goods store in the city where she lived commenced selling whiskey, and while there was a great deal of discontent among the W. C. T. U.s and report spread around that the store was doing more harm than any saloon in the city, no one had the courage to go and talk to the store-keepers about it. "The women are becoming tipplers," said one; "women who would not be seen going into a saloon go into that dry goods store and have the bottles of whiskey sent home put up with dry goods, and so the city is becoming demoralized."

My friend went to the store and told the proprietors that if they could not make money enough selling dry goods without whiskey, then the women would take it into their own hands. "I have been invited to lecture on the subject," said she, "you can send a reporter along to hear me next Monday evening and you will see that we are in earnest. I belong to the W. C. T. U. and we are going to boycott you." My friend was successful in her lecture and got the question before the public until the men, who drank themselves, got indignant that their wives should imitate them even on the sly. Uncomfortable questions began pouring into the dry goods store, and the proprietors wisely took warning and of the half dozen wagons that had been delivering the stuff on the sly, every one at the end of a week, became a dry goods wagon and has remained so since. But as for my friend, that was by no means the end of it for her. Though she was a good church member, a wealthy woman and a philanthropist, she had the pleasure every time she entered that store for years after to have a floor-walker started at her heels to promenade after her around the store and stare at her when shopping. This set the other clerks to staring, and unless the lady took a gentleman along with her, the whisky hounds did the best they could to make her uncomfortable. This is why I say that her punishment was harder to bear than yours. Another dry goods store two years ago in the same city, started whisky selling and the same woman drove it out, and in the dry goods stores the city is dry to-day.

M. J. STEPHENSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Another Hatchet.

Roseburg, Ore., March 22, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I send you this hatchet as a token of your warfare. May God bless you.

PROF. FRED A. NOURSE.

A Bloody Rebellion is Threatening.

Most citizens of the United States are among what are generally classed the most intelligent and judicious people of the globe, and yet how are the majority going to prove it in the coming struggle between the curse of intemperance and the most laudable effort to down that enemy, which if allowed existence will cause the ruin of so many of our noble sons, husbands, and brothers. You will agree with me that the danger has not been exaggerated one particle. The legislature has authorized Mrs. Nation to mete out justice to all places which serve to demoralize the youth of America, in case they infringe upon the different laws concerning the saloon. Why should we not do our part in enforcing those laws? For surely, if affairs are not settled soon the crisis is going to be marked

by the beginning of another bloody rebellion such as was brought on by the agitation called forth by John Brown, and the result will be the same, the cause of right will win in this case as it did then.

Mrs. Nation is doing a noble work! for no good results could be expected unless the people were brought to think of their perilous condition, and the present agitation is forcing people to reflect as nothing else could have done. And now in closing I say that while we may not all be able to take active part, we can at least fulfill our duties as faithful and loving nurses, in case of a rebellion. Yours in the temperance cause,
MISS IVY MAYE.

An Opportunity in Chicago.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—There is some good practical work you can do in Chicago by calling attention to the fact that the church people of this city, claiming to be temperance people and not in favor of the liquor traffic in any form, give their patronage to combination dry goods-liquor stores.

The Christian Society has taken the matter up and learned that these three stores, as per circular enclosed, sell intoxicating liquors in both grocery and restaurant:

Siegel-Cooper & Co.,

Rothchild & Co.,

The Boston Store.

All of the other department stores of the city, including the Fair, which has a grocery department, do not sell liquor in any form, although they all have restaurants.

The Christian people of the city should be made familiar with the fact and if you do nothing while you are in Chicago except to publicly censure our citizens for patronizing the combination liquor stores as above, you will have done the city a great service.

The Christian Endeavor Union by a vote of 20 to 8 has decided to take the matter up and advertise the above conditions through their membership—but not outside of their membership.

Yours truly, HOYT P. PARMELEE,

Chicago, Ill.

Supt. C. E.

Saturday, March 30, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Hearing you are to visit the saloons and resorts in Indianapolis next Sunday, we are more than anxious that you should come to Brightwood and visit one saloon in particular. It is on Massachusetts avenue, nearly opposite the Brightwood depot. The proprietor's name is Parks, but the saloon is better known as the Klondike and by this name can be easily found. Should you make this visit, be sure to enter by way of a short alley to the back door, for if you go to the front door those inside will escape by the back door, which is an old trick of theirs. A short time ago a father got the assistance of an officer to take his son out of said saloon, and instead of going in the rear door, the officer rapped with his club on the front door giving those inside warning, and when the door was opened to him the room was empty. We have the name of police protection here but the citizens have none whatever, for the police work hand in hand with the saloon-keepers.

If you come to said saloon, you will find it crowded with young men of the most respected parents in town and the majority of them are minors. Yet this is where they spend their Sunday afternoons, gambling, playing cards, and drinking till they come home intoxicated.

You will find the Brightwood car at Huder's drug store, corner of Washington and Pennsylvania streets. We hope you will stay in Indianapolis for some time or until such time as you would accomplish some good, as such a person is needed here at all times. Respectfully,

YOUR SISTER IN TEMPERANCE.

Son Wrecked by Liquor.

Some day the mothers of this country will burn all the saloons and never a man in all the land will dare to check them.—New York Journal.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I am one of these mothers and would be willing to help you to wreck or burn these saloons. I have a son who is a wreck from the accursed stuff. It is a dark blot on this republic. Even Mohammedans do better than we, a Christian people, for in all Turkey one can not purchase strong drink. But it follows our flag wherever it is planted. Let me know if I can help you. If I had money I would send you some to go on with your work, but I have not. I can only put my spirit into the fight and I would put my strength in, too, if I were with you. Sincerely yours in spirit,

MRS. P. D. OLIVER.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Original, Stolen, and Otherwise

Bills prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes have been presented in a number of legislatures this winter. That deadly drug must go under the ban, as well as alcoholic poison.

Party interests should cut no figure when it comes to the question of temperance legislation. It is a moral question, and is broader than any political party. It belongs to the people at large.

The hypocritical preachers of Indianapolis, Ind., who refused to publicly endorse Mrs. Nation, because she lectured for pay on Sunday, had better go slow. Not one of them but preaches for pay on Sunday and takes up collections on Sunday. Perhaps the reason of their opposition is the depletion of their sleepy congregations on that night.

The war that the pastors of Noblesville (Ind.), have made on dancing and card-parties is commendable, and shows that they are men of more than ordinary courage. There is no question but that these practices indulged in by Christian people, is one of the chief causes for the present spiritual dearth in our churches. Such a crusade throughout the state would result in great good.

The fact that the saloon-keepers of Cleveland, Ohio, are making their threats as to what they will do if the coming city administration is of the same character as the present one, is the greatest compliment that could be given to Mayor Farley, and an unanswerable argument in favor of the legislative methods of the Anti-Saloon League. Mayor Farley was elected through the efforts of the league, and he is putting into practice the methods and plans of the league.

Honolulu is about to have a temperance crusade, led by the W. C. T. U., and the ministers' union. Two representatives of the W. C. T. U., Miss Jessie Ackerman and Miss Ada Murett, will lead the crusade. It is part of the plan of the crusade to diffuse sentiment in favor of the bill of Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, introduced in the house, to absolutely prohibit the sale of intoxicants to the aborigines of the Pacific islands, over which the United States exercises control.

In its attempt to bolster up the liquor traffic in the Philippines the government is unfortunate in its choice of leaders. Judge Taft of the present commission defends the closing of the Manila saloons on Sunday in these words: "This might not be necessary were it not for the presence of American soldiers. The natives would use the saloons and beer gardens on Sundays, as on other days, as places of social gatherings, and there would be no excessive drinking. But now when the excesses of drinking are purely American, and Sunday is a day of leisure and recreation for the soldiers, it was deemed of great importance to withdraw from them the temptation of open saloons." He scored the Military Governor, stating that the conditions in the Escolta at certain times of the day were disgraceful.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler says: "Our success during the new century will depend, in my humble judgment, on the following methods and measures: (1) Unless people are educated and influenced not to use intoxicants, all legal attempts to prohibit their sale can achieve only a very limited success. (2) Pulpits, parents and schools (Sunday and secular), must do most of this educating. (3) The Church of Christ must fight the drink evil (which often means the damnation of souls), just as it fights theft, profanity, or adultery. (4) The license system, a clumsy attempt to regulate a public mischief, ought to be abolished altogether. (5) Corporations and all employers ought to require abstinence from intoxicants as essential to secure employment. (6) "Coffee-taverns" and other social resorts where ardent spirits are excluded are available antidotes to the rum saloons among the laboring classes. (7) Every state should give to every town the right to close up by popular vote every drinking haunt within its borders. If the twentieth century works these seven levers, it will give a mighty lift to the temperance reform."

LETTERS FROM HELL

AND ELSEWHERE AMONG THE WICKED.

A Letter From Hell.

Taylorville, Ill., Feb. 6, 1901.
Mrs. Garrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Mine Esthemed Frient:—I vos in dis town of Daylorville for about ten years, and haf been in de saloon pees-nes eber since I vos born maybe, because mine father vos in it before me. Anydings I don't know about de bees-nes vos not wordt knowing, but of course you see de saloon beesnes vos overdone in dis part of de coundry as eberydings else all ready.

Our city council vos gombosed of temberance cranks and dey vos pooty hardt on de saloon men. Dey von't let us keep oben on Sunday and von't let us sell a drink or two after 11 o'clock before mitnight and den dey kick on drowing dice and blaying uchre and other shentlemanly sports you know, and mit all dis, we haf to pay von dousand dollar icense ebery year twice and mine icense vos due day befor tomorrow. Now I belief in durning an honest penny and tink dat you do the same, mine esthemed frient, from vat I haf reat in today's Republic dat dere feller "Sheep" Little and yourself, and dot bolliceman must haf made a pooty nice pile out of dat smashup.

Now mine frient I vant to make you a leetle beesnes broposition. Mine looking glass and all my blate glass-ware vos well insured, and I keep my parrel goots in de cellar behind a pad-lock. Now if you will come to Daylorville and gife me dree days' notice of de smashoop, I vill haf cheap goots be-hind de counter and you can smash him all oop, and I haf a bouncer here by de name of Frits Souerkraut, he has ine beautiful foice and I vill haf him out-s-e ant atwertise about de souwer-neers. I can sthock oop mine saloon goots for the purpose of smashing oop, dat von't cost me over zwenty-five dollars, ant ts I sait before all mine look-ing glasses are insured and so vos de doors and windows. Now if you do de vork right "and you can get blenty of fools to help you in dis town, we vill haf a regular Fourdt of July atther-wards, mit de selling of drinks and de gifting away of souwerneers. I bet you it will take six bar-tenders here in-stead of four. And I agree to gife you zwenty-five percent of the net profits and also opligate mineself to bay your fine and incidental oxspences.

Blease notify me if dis proposal meet mit your abbroval and if not blease treat it mit convidence all ready. Your atmiring frient,

HEINRICH KATZENJAMMER,
Alias BENJAMIN FITZ DAVIS.

P. S.:—Now dis vos on de quiet; if you accept my brobosal and come over I vill make you a bresent of dwo or dree samble pottles of de brandt which I keep for my star customers. Now keep dis to yourself.

Not in Sympathy.

Mrs. Nation:—This letter is written by the husband of a lady that I know. I will send it for you to read and you may do what you please with it. I wrote to him last fall for a little dona-tion to help build our M. E. church and I sent him some W. C. T. U. liter-ature that called McKinley McCanteen-ly, and this is his answer.

MRS. FRANCES V. STECKEL.

Amber, Iowa, Sept. 10, 1900.

Mrs. Frances V. Steckel, Mulberry, Ind.

Dear Friend:—I received your letter of the 3rd inst., which found me well and happy. I had a very pleasant time in Chicago G. A. R. week, and found a number of my old friends and acquaintances. It does one good to meet in reunion so many of ones comrades. I have brought one of my old comrades along home with me; he is an old soldier from Allentown, Pa., and he has the freedom of everything that I pos-sess. I was also up to the city of Mil-waukee, Wis., and had a good time there. It grieves me the way you speak of our old comrade, the chief executive of the best nation on this dear earth. I am perfectly shocked to think that you would lend your influence to elect a man like Billy Bryan, who never saw any real service and would run this country into anarchy and bankruptcy. No, I can't give aid to anyone who de-nounces our president as you have and called him McCanteenly. I give every cent I have to spare to re-elect our comrade, Wm. McKinley. I work all I

can in circulating advertising matter and do good. Our town is not overrun with tramps as it was four years ago. Every vote you get for prohibition means a vote for Bryanism; don't you know any better than that? Surely you must know if you have any ordi-nary intelligence and manhood left about you, or womanhood as I should say. Indeed I have no money for you; I need all I have to spare for the McKinley campaign. I love prosperity and I want it to remain. Furthermore, you say how will it be when all the Cuban and Philippine and Chinese soldiers come to-gether in reunion and draw a pension? Now you are even grudging the small pittance the soldiers of '61-'65 get for themselves and widows, and then have the audacity to ask me to help such a one along! Where is there any Chr's-tianity in it? I can't see it. No, I will send no money. I help to support two churches here; you have churches enough where you are. We have one too many here—we have two. Go to the church that Uncle Joe attends and do as the minister tells you and you won't lack much from being right.

And now you say you are 51 years old, and yet you don't know which side your bread is buttered when you work against President McKinley.

My ears are deaf to anyone that would defame the name of McKinley. Hoping you may repent of your errors, I remain, yours for prosperity,

JOS. A. WEISS.

Petition of a Saloon-Keeper.

Dear Sir:—Wishing to get a living without working hard, I have leased commodious rooms in Mr. Lovemoney's block, corner of Ruin Street and Perdition Lane (next door to the under-taker's), where I shall manufacture drunkards, paupers and lunatics, beg-gars, criminals and deadbeats, for so-ber and industrious men to support. Backed up by the law, I shall add to the number of fatal accidents, painful diseases, disgraceful quarrels, riots, and cold-blood murders. My liquors are warranted to rob some of life, many of reason, more of propriety, and all of true peace; to make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans. I shall cause mothers to forget their infants; children to grow up in ignorance; young women to lose their priceless purity, and smart young men to become loaf-ers, swearers, gamblers, skeptics, and "lewd fellows of the baser sort." Lady customers are supplied with beer as good as the best "home-brewer, which will not intoxicate" them, but only make them stupid, slack, lazy, and quarrel-some. Sunday customers will please enter by the back door.

At two hours' notice I am able to put husbands in condition to reel home, break the furniture, beat their wives, and kick their children out of doors; I shall also fit mechanics to spoil their work, be discharged and become tramps.

If one of my regular customers should decide to reform, I will induce him to take just one glass more or by offering free drinks, tempt him to start again on the road to hell. Having closed my ears to God's warning voice, (Heb. ii, 12-15; Ps. ix, 16, 17; Rom. ii, 9), hav-ing made a league with hell and sold myself to work iniquity, and having paid for my license, I have a right to bring all the above evils on my friends and neighbors for the sake of gain.

Excellent samples of my manufact-ured wrecks may be seen at the station house every morning, in the poorhouses, asylums, and prisons every day, and very frequently on the gallows.

JUDAS MCSATAN, 240 Rum Street.

An Appeal.

Sister Carrie:—I endorse your noble work. I'd like a job as correspondent or agent to travel for it.

Why should not the women of each state set a day and march in a body to the legislature and stay till prohibition legislation was passed. Now is the time to get ready. Say, Sister Nation, I want every reader of the "Smasher's Mail" to aid me in securing subscrip-tions to the "Appeal to Reason," a pa-per published at Girard, Kan.

CHARLES F. HOWARD.

Windfall, Ind.

This Appeal to Reason is a blas-phemous sheet that repudiates the Book of Books. I warn everyone not to al-low it to come within their doors. The

devil runs this organ for the purpose of decoying unstable souls to destruc-tion. Funny, indeed, this sin-fighter offering to enlighten people and itself the servant of sin. I warn all against this devil who is a roaring lion.

I could not possibly accept your offer to travel for me. We are not going the same way. My appeal is to heaven, yours is to hell. Good bye. I pity Gi-rard, Kansas, and am ashamed of her for harboring this blasphemer.

Shrewd Advertiser.

To Whom It May Concern:

Know ye that by the payment of Six Hundred and Sixty Dollars, and the compliance of the Sunday and Ten O'clock Closing Laws of the State of Tennessee and City of Chattanooga, we are permitted to retail intoxicating liquors at our place of business, 838 Market Street. To the wife who has a drunkard for a husband, or a friend who is unfortunately dissipated, we say emphatically, give us notice of such case or cases in which you are inter-ested and all such shall be excluded from drinking at our bar. Let mothers, sisters, and brothers do likewise and their requests shall be regarded. We pay a heavy tax for the privilege of sell-ing liquor and want it distinctly under-stood that we have no desire to sell to drunkards, minors or poor and desti-tute. We much prefer that they save their money and put it where it will do the most good to their families. There are men of honor, and men of money, who can afford it, and it is with these we desire to trade. We would say to those who wish to trade with us and can afford it, come and you will be treated in a courteous and gentlemanly manner, and furnished with the purest of liquors. Very respectfully,

RANSOM & Co.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Takes It Hard.

Carrie Nation:—I hope you are satis-fied since the blood of a murdered wo-man is on your hands and the tramp preachers of Kansas. I would think you could hear the awful screams of that woman and the little children, whose lives you have wrecked. May God have mercy on you outlaws and fiends of hell. The poor old state of Kansas is forever disgraced by all nations.

How can you low down creatures of humanity say you believe in God? It is a wonder He does not strike you and your tramp followers dead. I would not give a Kansas woman a meal to eat to save her life. It is a disgrace to the state prisoners that they will have to associate with you. I hope every one of you women and preachers will die a death of horror.

Poor old Kansas, the home of the nigger-burner, outlaw and mob woman, and fake preachers. She ought to be wiped off the face of the earth.

A CHRISTIAN.

The Way that Devils Pray.

Oh, Lord, we ask Thee to take cogni-zance of the fact that a misguided wretch that calls herself a woman is seeking to raise a mob to commit crime against Thy Holy Name, by destroying our property and spilling our wines and liquors in the gutter.

Oh, Father, we know this is not ac-cording to Thy divine will. We know Thou wouldst not smite the joint-keeper nor rebuke the drunkard, for when Thy friend Noah was loaded with booze and exposed his nakedness to his family Thou didst rebuke and curse Ham for laughing at him.

And we know, Oh, Lord, that after Thy friend Lot had been beastly drunk and committed most appalling crimes against decency, Thou hast in Thy Holy Writ called him a godly man.

We remember the drunkenness and debauchery of Thy special favorite, David, whom Thou didst call a man after God's own heart. And because of this we ask Thee to stay the hand of these female anarchists and teach them to read Thy Sacred Word on the liquor question.

We remember, Oh, Lord, that when Thou didst send Thy beloved son to give us a living example, His first mir-acle was to manufacture three barrels of wine for a well-drunken wedding feast. Oh, Lord, we are trying in our feeble way to carry out this example, hoping to find favor in Thy sight. For is it not written in Thy Sacred Word, take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and oftentimes infirmities? Yet, Oh Lord, these joint smashers would spill and waste our wine while our stomachs yet thirst and our infirmities gnaw at our vitals.

Again Thou hast said it is not that that goeth into the mouth that defileth man, but that that cometh out. Oh Lord, we realize this is true for we

drink only the best and say nothing, while Thy defamer, Mrs. Nation, drinks nothing, but, Oh God, the senseless rat-tle of her tongue is bringing disgrace to Thy Holy Name.

She calls us "winebibbers" with a scorn that is an insult to the fair name of Jesus, for was He not an acknowl-edged winebibber, a glutton and a Sab-bath breaker?

Oh Lord, they sorely accuse and re-vile us because we spend some of our money for wine, when we are taught by Thy Holy Writ to spend our money for wine or strong drink.

Now, our Heavenly Father, we ask Thee to stay the hand of these wreckers of property and principles which Thou hast so fully established by Thy Holy Word. We ask Thee to smite them in their unholy work before it is everlast-ingly too late, and teach them to read carefully of Thy servants, Noah and David and Lot and Solomon, and Thy son Jesus, then go soak their heads in good Budweiser until they become intel-ligent and law abiding citizens.

A JOINT-KEEPER.

Still Another.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—We are friends of your cause, temperance, but we are not in favor of the course you are tak-ing to blot the name of woman. If you are really in deep earnest, go about it in the right way, and we will all help you. Allow us to suggest that if you want to close up the saloons, there is a better way. Put your time, money, and strength in one great effort to open places where men and boys or girls who are hungry can purchase a cup of good coffee or tea or milk for five cents and get a lunch with it, the same as they do at saloons. You will hurt the sa-loons more in this way than with the hatchet or in any other way. You will slowly but surely close up the saloon trade; it has been done in some cities, it can be done in others. Have your helpers, men, boys, or old ladies cut with a neat cart at factories and stores with good lunch and a drink of hot coffee. They will not go to saloons for it then.

You have not succeeded and you never will succeed on your present basis. You can not fight the world. Bury your hatchet and try the plan of yours truly,

W. C. T.

An Old Hag.

Newport, Ky., March 3, 1901.

Carrie Nation:—You are dared by the people of Newport, Ky., or thereabouts to come here and try to do any of your smashing acts. You will find just as good smashers here as you want to tackle. You are getting entirely too windy, old woman. You are anything but a refined lady to be conducting your-self as you are. Why not put on pants while you are at it, they would be more becoming to an old hag like you. I would hate to offer you a good rum punch or a Carrie Nation Cocktail—you would hollow for more. You don't dare to go to any civilized city to smash anything, but pick out the poor little country town. You had better lay off awhile and take a rest before you get smashed.

NEWPORT.

Appreciation Account of \$\$\$\$.

St. Louis, Mo., February 17, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Carrie Nation:—God bless you! You have increased my business 100 per cent since you started out with your little hatchet to wage warfare on all those bum saloon fixtures in Kansas. Hope you keep up the good work. As long as the mahogany trees don't quit growing, I'm all right, for as far as my capital and my facilities to turn out new counters are concerned, why, they are in shape to produce a hundred counters to every one you can smash. Of course saloon fixtureremaking is my business. To the Plate Glass Trust I do not belong, but I believe that they as well as I ought to send you a vote of thanks for smashing those beautiful glass mirrors and windows. I believe their stock went up sky-high since you went into business.

But—if I was a painter and I would reproduce a picture of "Cleopatra Tak-ing a Bath," which would take me al-most a lifetime to paint, and you would go to work and destroy it with a single brickbat, why I would surely lose my temper. But of course there is a great difference between a saloon fixture mak-er and a painter. One appreciates your work, the other condemns it. I believe you have a hard road to travel. You can't please everybody. By the way, that sheriff from Wichita, I see in the papers, is looking for you, but couldn't find you—maybe he didn't look behind the saloon counters.

So ta! ta! old Carrie, you benefact-ress of the human race. But one thing

I must not forget, that your name went down in history, for I asked a bar-keeper in a fashionable saloon in St. Louis for the latest mixed drink, and do you know what he told me? He said that the latest mixed drink cost 25 cents and was called for frequently under the name of "Carrie Nation Smash," and I tell you it is a corker.

So good-bye, Carrie, and when you come to St. Louis, see me. Yours with proper respect,

SPORTSMAN'S SALOON FIXTURE CO.

A Minister's Opinion.

Rev. Morgan of Cleveland discusses learnedly as follows:

"The only efficient and permanent solution of the temperance problem is to change the existing demand on the part of human nature for intoxicants. It is not the way to go about it to suppress the saloon to reform human nature, but to reform human nature and then there will be no occasion for the saloon. The saloon-keeper is not the worst man in the world. The man who goes into the saloon-keeper's place and asks for drink is the one who is to blame. It is not our duty to suppress the saloon so much as it is to suppress the demand.

"It is one of nature's misfortunes that it has this desire for that which is harmful. The only remedy that will be permanent, effective, and reasonable, the common-sense remedy, is to wipe out this morbid demand in human nature by the slow but certain and permanent processes of education.

"Carrie Nation is simply a fanatic. While I am willing to believe that she is in the main honest and believes that she is performing a duty, I also believe that she is mistaken. She is to be classed with the other disturbers of law and order who arouse certain classes of the people to acts of lawlessness and violence. She must be placed in the same class with the white men who took part in those other outbreaks of lawlessness that resulted in the lynching of colored men. Her movements and her acts must be classed with the burning of colored men alive and similar occurrences that have resulted from mobs taking the law into their own hands. She has been fostering the same spirit of lawlessness that resulted in those outrages.

"This can never bring about any permanent good. Such agitators do an incalculable harm by their defiance of law and order in the guise of reform. They create a new evil instead of repressing an old one. The spirit of lawlessness that is stirred up in this way is harmful and dangerous. Such acts as those of which Mrs. Nation has been guilty do not appeal to the higher qualities of human nature that alone can bring about a true reform with regard to the temperance problem. Mrs. Nation and her hatchet can not make a single man less desirous of drinking, even if they should succeed in making it more difficult for a time for him to indulge his depraved appetite. She has attempted to become a public martyr to the cause of temperance. Instead, she should be a martyr to the cause of lawlessness. Mrs. Nation ought to be in the penitentiary for violating the law or else in the insane asylum as an irresponsible person."

Half-Crazed, Hysterical.

Buffalo, N. Y., February 3, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—You poor, deuded, hysterical, half-crazed, religious maniac. I do not think you are so much to blame for your present state of raving imbecility as the unsexed men, including your hubby (by the way, he must be a pretty bird), who through their exhortations and camp-meetings, so-called temperance crusades, seem to have completely upset the molecules of your brains; that is, of course, providing you have any. However, your tutors, the hypocritical knockers of liquor interests who have grown exceedingly nervous since they have found that the reporters will no longer print their names in their crusades against whatever does not seem to suit the immaculate purity of their souls, s.t. willingly by and gather in the advertising which you will soon pay for with your life or imprisonment. You should be pitied more than censured; institutions for the insane are supported for just such individuals as you are. And penitentiaries are also supported by citizens as homes for the effeminate men who are urging you to commit these dirty, despicable, low-lived acts. When you spot a man making all kinds of noise against the "saloon evil," or the "prize fighting curse," put that man down as one to keep your eye on all the time he is in your line of vision. Nine-tenths of them can not be trusted in their own company, for they know

each other so well that they take no chances. The public, therefore, which knows them only as knockers, should take warning and leave nothing which they prize lying around loose, for some of these male Mrs. Nations might take a fancy to it and then it would be all off with your property. Please find enclosed a poem dedicated to you recently published on the front page of the leading Buffalo paper. It is fully endorsed by everyone except perhaps the female imbeciles of which the majority of the W. C. T. U. is composed. Yours cordially,

MRS. PETER VERDIG.

Believes in Moderation.

New York, January 29, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I have read with interest of your saloon-smashing crusade and after consideration, I'll declare that you ought to be examined by a staff of physicians as to your sanity, as I am certain no respectable woman would act as you do, unless demented. If you attempted such fanaticism here, you would be lodged in jail for six months, or probably he sent to Bellevue Insane pavilion. I have been to your part of the country and know just what you temperance cranks are. Beer and whiskey are terrible, but hard cider and apple-jack are all right. We have just your sort here, but we know how to handle them. I am against excessive drinking of alcoholic beverages, but believe in moderation, which is not harmful. Temperance cranks are against liquor, but they drink tea, coffee, and other beverages excessively, and the effect is just as harmful as liquor. You shameful actions tend to degrade you, and otherwise make you notorious, and nothing else—but perhaps that is what you wish. If you claim to be a sensible respectable woman, act like a lady, or others may think as we do.

JOHN RAWLINS,
THOMAS KRAEMER,
JOHN BROCKMAN,
MISS MAY ROEDER.

Working for Newspaper Notoriety.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I see you claim that you don't want any newspaper notoriety. Now my dear woman, don't you think you are misstating things when you make those statements? Now, honestly, don't you think you are working for newspaper notoriety and the money that is in it more than you are for the welfare of others? What did Christ say? Beware of those that stand on street corners, for they are hypocrites. Out of 80,000,000 people there may be 1,000,000 in sympathy with you; and there were more than that number in sympathy with John Wilkes Booth when he killed one of the grandest men that ever lived, Lincoln. Don't you think you had better be at home attending to your family? I want you to answer this through a Chicago paper as I am a constant reader of the Chicago papers. Just give them this with your answer. I will not give you my name as I am not after any notoriety. As you have been accusing the joint-keepers of being cowards and as you threatened Chicago saloons, I shall think you are a coward if you don't tackle them.

ANONYMOUS.

From Hell at Muskegon, Mich.

Mrs. Nation.

Dear Madam:—Go and smash their heads for carrying your name into hell broth.

A FRIEND.

HERE'S A NEW DRINK.

"Barkeeps" Have Named One After Mrs. Carrie Nation.

The cherry tree story of Washington's true.

Oh, where in the world will you match it?

Then, lo, Mrs. Nation pops up into view—

She and her dear little hatchet!

Mrs. Carrie Nation has invaded the Philadelphia saloons. She arrived the other day not in the flesh, but in the spirit, especially in the spirit. She is a very mixed commodity from a bar-keeper's standpoint, and already the "Carrie Nation" is said to be the best cocktail that ever trickled down a parched throat.

At several of the better known hostilities in town you can get a "Carrie Nation," says the Philadelphia Press. Its component parts are as yet bound in secrecy, but broken glass and small hatchets do not figure in the new concoction. There are some whisky, a dash of lemon, a touch of bitters, some sugar, two drops of sherry, and something else. The "something else" is the secret.

The publishers of "The Barkeeper's Guide: or How to Mix Drinks and Keep 'Em Mixed," do not mention the new cocktail, nor do they know what in the world should go into the mixture. They

think that the "Carrie Nation" is merely a companion piece to the "Mamie Taylor," but with a touch of Kansas bitterness to it and made of liquors a trifle more antique than those used in the blushing youthfulness of "Mamie Taylor."

Now that "Carrie Nations" are sold in the saloons the Kansas wielder of the persuasive hatchet knows what it is to be behind the bars.

Oh, Mrs. Carrie Nation, to you I pen this lay!

They've made a drink and called it yours upon this blessed day
They're selling Carrie Nations at several bars in town,
And ev'ry man'll do his best to try and gulp you down!

Oh, Mamie, Mamie Taylor, we have to say adieu,

For the Carrie Nation cocktail is superseding you!

You cost a quarter, Mamie, and, though really, you're immense,
Yet the Carrie Nation cocktail can be bought for 20 cents.

I wrote for the mayor to attend to these parties and since have heard nothing of them. Carrie Nation's mission is not in mixing drinks, but in spilling them—not down the throats of men, no, I would not so mistreat a swine.

Started Right, But—

Philadelphia, February 13, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I wanted to write you a letter some time ago and could by this time have sent you a check for \$10,000 had you carried on the work as you commenced it, because I felt, as a good many others did here in the East, that you were doing the greatest work ever done for temperance, and had you continued as you started out in a nice quiet way, every time you and your friends started out to smash up a joint succeeding and yet not working very fast, you would have had such an army of sympathizers that eventually you could have done wonderful things. But we think you made a mistake chasing off to Chicago and talking just a little too much. It is of course what one might expect, as your success would naturally have a tendency to swell the heads of stronger-minded people than you. However, you have done a wonderful work and we hope you will continue. No doubt you will hear from us later in a substantial way. Very respectfully,

L. A. HUDSON.

Thinks Bible Against Hatchet.

Buckley, Wash., February 9, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Seeing from dispatches your great work in smashing saloons, I hasten to send you a few words. I am astonished to see you are praying and singing. Don't you know God is in favor of saloons, or at least of the drinking of strong drink? Take your Bible and read the following: Gen. xlix, 11-12; Num. vi, 20; Deut. xiv, 26; Judges ix, 15; 2 Sam. xvi, 2; 2 Chron. ii, 10; Psa. civ, 15; Prov. iii, 10; Prov. xxxi, 6, 7; Eccl. ix, 7; Song of Sol. v, 1; Jer. xl, 10; Joel i, 5; Zach. ix, 17; John ii, 3-11; Tim. v, 23. I think this ought to convince you that God does not like your way of doing business, as He is entirely on the side of the keepers of strong drinks. When I saw you were praying I thought at once you could not have read the Bible. Can you see the cat holding your sex in bondage? Yours for the cause, MARTIN GRAVE.

A "Carrie Nation" Cocktail.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—The public print has announced that you are to appear in New York state soon. I am a business man, as you will see by the letter head. My occupation, I believe, comes within the province of your operations and I most sincerely desire that you call upon me when you visit Albany.

In honor of your valued service I have already introduced a "Carrie Nation" cocktail to my list of flowing beverages.

WM. M. IGO.

Request from Kentucky.

Marsh Creek, Ky., Feb. 20, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Reading over your great work which you have been before the public as a brave woman. Now say, old lady, if you want to get your rep. up come down in Ky. and break a few of our saloons and your pedigree won't be forgotten. We would like to see how brave you are. Welcome. Come soon.

T. J. F.

Resting Place Offered.

Cambridge, Mass., February ardlu

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 6, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—If you are not

planted before this letter reaches you, take next train for Cambridge, and we will present you with a beautiful spot of land, four by six, and render you the privilege of digging it with your hatchet six feet deep. Yours very sincerely,

THE CAMBRIDGE INEBRIATES.

Not Working for Jesus.

Battle Creek, Mich., March 13, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I see by the papers the work that you have undertaken and also the time you are having. No doubt you are in earnest and truly think you are working for Jesus. Do you really think that Jesus looks down with approbation on your mode of procedure? Please read the sixth chapter of Matthew and follow the references and see what the meek and lowly Nazarene teaches; no strife, no destruction of your neighbor's property, no forcing your neighbor into your way of thinking. Oh, no. You will not accomplish the work in that way. In the first place, it is not modest, not ladylike nor womanly; in the second place, it looks as if you were intoxicated yourself. Yes, you have become intoxicated on that one subject and you really do not know what you are doing.

You will not accomplish what you think to do, as the nature of the human race is to partake of forbidden fruits. I have lived over three-quarters of a century and have been very observing (and for that reason I take the liberty to address you as a mother), and I can not see that there has been much accomplished in fifty years. And when women take it into their heads to do so much they generally go from the sublime to the ridiculous, as you are doing in this crusade.

I do not think that God ever intended any women to do such work; there is no place in the Bible that tells anything of the kind. They were not sent out to preach, nor to take part in government work. True, we read where Deborah ruled Israel twenty years, but she had to have men to attend to the weighty matters. Burback did her work for her. Queen Esther saved her people, the only meritorious one named in the Bible. How did she do it? By fasting and prayer. She told her people to fast and pray with her for three days and nights; they did so and she saved them.

I believe that woman is superior to man, as man was created out of inanimate clay, woman from a rib taken out of his side—animated flesh and bone, which makes her so much better. She is therefore finer, more tender, and also weaker. The first command to her was to bring forth children; the command to both was to multiply and replenish the earth. The most holy mission that God had to give He gave to the woman, that is, motherhood. Just think for a moment what a mission it is. She was to bring her children up in the fear of the Lord. And the race will never be reformed until women go back onto the platform that God placed them on; then we will have man fit to govern the people, fit to sit in judgment, and to pass sentence on his fellowman. Let women take all the education that they can get, so they will be able to train up their children in the way they should go; and woman should be like a vine, at the house-side, as a home is no home without a mother or without a wife. The first question a child asks when it comes into the house is, where is mother? and wherever she is they are. If she is not at home they will go out and stay out until sleep or hunger drives them in; thus the mother drives them into temptation. She leaves paid help, it may be good, bad or indifferent, the children will not always obey the paid help. The husband asks the same question when he comes in, and if the wife is not at home it is no home for him. He will go out to seek company, go to the saloon as the next best place. Therefore he is led into temptation. Who is to blame? Why, the wife and mother. The hired help may be interesting, as they often are. She may try to entertain, as they often do. Therefore the husband is thrown into temptation and whole families are ruined. Oh, how much trouble has been done by such wives and mothers who connect themselves with the societies, King's Daughters, Christian Endeavorers, and more. The Mothers' Clubs go out to teach mothers how to train their children right and can not know where their own are, and go as delegates away off and be gone a week or ten days, leaving their families to the care of those good, bad, or indifferent paid help. How shameful it is and how wrong it is. When there is all to be done at home boys are exposed to all kinds of vice and rudeness. The husband asks the same question, and if he can not be entertained at home he goes out and seeks

(Continued on page 14.)

THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

A Newspaper for the Suppression
of the Rum Traffic.

Published Semi-monthly at
215 East Seventh Street, Topeka, Kans.

MRS. CARRIE NATION, Editor and Publisher.

Advertising Rates, 50 cents per inch, single column.

The Smasher's Mail can be found on sale at all news stands and railroad news agencies at five cents per copy or \$1.00 per year. General agents wanted in every county and state to handle papers, buttons, water bottles, handkerchiefs, and pictures.

"Remember the Hatchet!"

Lunacy! O, no; just saloonacy.

Peruna is another name for rot-gut.

Smasher's Mail is now only one dollar a year. Published bi-monthly, 16 pages each.

Mrs. Nation is now prepared to sell pictures of herself at ten cents. Agents have good commission.

All persons sending for papers, buttons, pictures, bottles, and hatchets will please accompany order with cash.

An Axiom—Young man, if you love liquor, let it alone. It will destroy you. If you do not like it you are very foolish do drink it.

Any one having the poem, "The Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine," please send it to me for next issue for a special purpose.

When will women demand that their naked pictures shall not appear in shop-windows, hell-holes, and especially magazines and newspapers, some of the last calling themselves Christian?

Jesus said (Matt. xv. 17, 18 and 19) "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man but that which cometh out." There is not anything which cometh out of the mouth so vile as tobacco spit.

I would like to get general agents in every state and outside U. S. to handle my paper, buttons, pictures, water-bottles and hatchets. I pay a handsome profit and such agents will be helping me in my work.

I would ask those to whom I gave letters that they would please send copies of them to me so I can publish them in Smashers Mail. I gave away as souvenirs some of my best letters, those I got while in Wichita jail.

The Santa Fe R. R. tied up in its negotiations with Topeka. Maybe this is but a just retribution for its persistent shipment of beer, whisky, and any other poison to make devils in Kansas. Chickens come home to roost.

I have the Home Defender buttons for sale at three dollars a thousand. Friends of this movement will do well to organize the army in every town and city and have children as well as grown people wear the Home Defender button.

I can furnish Home Defender buttons, which are the badge of our army. Glad to see such a great move of this kind at Union Mission, Eighteenth and Magee, in Kansas City, Mo. Tremble, ye perjured, whisky-soaked officials and court. Your time is short.

What a blessing the poor drunkard has a friend in a true Christian. The devil makes him drunk and says, "Die, it is your own fault;" the hypocrite passes by on the other side; the Christian takes him in his arms and helps him and loves him just like Christ did.

Sister Mary J. McCaslin, editor and proprietor of Current Comment, Topeka, 812 Kansas Avenue, made us smile by calling to see the struggling editor of Smashers Mail. Truly a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. O woman, stand by your sisters who are standing by you.

We hereby state to all women of respectability of Topeka not to take their children into the Fernald Martin's carpet store, 625 Kansas avenue, for there are two indecent pictures hung up. But go yourself and smash the pictures and if the proprietor comes around interfer-

ing let some of your righteous blows fall on his pate. These we have seen in brothels and vice-dens and were shocked—how much more in a place thought to be decent!

One of the pleasant remembrances of my trip to Lawrence is a ride with General Cameron, the Hermit of Kansas, and his sister. The General knows how to drive a fiery team so as to make a woman know that there is safety when he holds the lines.

Our pages are clear of ads, because I have had no one to look after that, but I hope our friends will respond to help us when we call on them, and we also hope that those who advertise in Smashers Mail will receive the patronage of Home Defenders.

Any parties having important clippings from papers either pro or con please send me a copy. I gave my scrap-book and clippings, sent me by friends, to a poor drunkard whom I was trying to help, to arrange for me, and he took my best and left. Some were so valuable, especially the poetry.

Something for which to be grateful is the kindness of Hon. J. D. Bowersocks, congressman of the second district. The Kansas man! the loyal man! the man whom we do not blush to speak of! the man who is the father of the anti-canteen law! the man who helped me to help myself! God will bless him.

I went to the prosecuting attorney of Kansas City and he refused to allow me to swear out a warrant for the arrest of M. A. Flynn, 117 East Twelfth street, for keeping open on Sunday. I find perjury whisky, lies whisky, death whisky, and it will be hell whisky all over that section. Look out for fire and brimstone or hatchets.

When I was in Chicago, Bro. Edward C. Avis, of the United Brethren church, wrote words and music of a song entitled "Carrie Nation and Her Hatchet." He sang it the same night and expressed the sentiment of my work exactly. The price is 40 cents, which I think too high. I hope that beautiful song will be so cheap all can have it.

Poor whisky-soaked Kansas City! The judges showed me the record of over seven thousand arrests for crimes in police court in a year and these due almost without exception to their open vice-dens. Horrible and heart-rending that men are so in league with hell and have made a covenant with death and shelter themselves under such a refuge of lies.

Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus in the Son of God (Unitarians). But for the fearful and unbelieving and abominable and murderers and fornicators and sorcerers (mediums) and idolators (women and men who love money and fashion) and all liars their part shall be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. Ought not men to call on the Lord while He may be found? "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Upon receiving a quart of "Golden Wedding Rye" and an enclosed note with compliments of M. B. Haas, Monturn, Col.

My Brother Haas, I have the bottle of snake bite medicine you sent me. I will keep it for a special occasion. I will attend a Chautauqua assembly before long and I am going to furnish the little children with hatchets and teach them the art of smashing and I may send you one of the hatchets if you promise me that I shall have it back when I come to see you in your devil's den. Your loving

CARRIE NATION.

Kokomo, Ind., Feb. 1.—[S. M. T.]—"Sister Carrie is well meaning, but crazy," said Capt. James Nation of this place, referring to Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon-wrecker, who is his sister-in-law.

If I should devote my life to living like an animal for my slop and pen I would not be considered crazy by some people. As it is, I never had much wish for slop, and as for the pen it was too small. Man looketh on the outside, God at the heart. We will see at the judgment day who was the crazy one. I had rather just barely have sense enough to make my peace with God and be a beggar than own the world and live without hope of heaven.

The following is from a sympathizer of the Mail:

"Hold up human suffering to public view till the tide is turned. 'God moves

in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' Trust and obey is the only way. The pen is mightier than the sword—or the hatchet."

We feel grateful to O. B. Miller for his words of approbation in Holyoke Transcript, as far as they go. But we are sorry that Massachusetts has laws so foreign to the constitution of the United States that it is possible to legalize a hell on earth in the shape of a dram-shop. This state is in rebellion against peace, prosperity, and the pursuit of happiness and should be smashed, not with a weapon of steel, but with some sound, patriotic votes that would suppress this conspiracy against heaven, home, and happiness, and in accord with hell. The stock of Puritan jealousy for right is certainly in a dying condition.

x.....x
: March 17, 1901.
: With Compliments of
: M. B. HAAS,
: Monturn, Colorado.
x.....x

With the above came a box (express prepaid) containing a quart bottle of Jos. S. Finch's Golden Wedding Rye Whiskey. I wrote and thanked Mr. Haas for this package in which there are so many drunkard's headaches, heartaches, and yes, "there is death in the pot." I shall give some little children a lesson in smashing by having them smash that which smashes them and theirs. I have the little hatchets ready. I wish I had all of this Finch's liquid damnation—I would pour it out where swine could not even smell it, in due respect to the hog.

Notice.

The Historical Society of some state—I think it was Illinois—sent me a crandal used by the Indians, dug from the hills. Please let me know what state this was. I am very anxious to know. Letter got lost.

A Sight to Make Angels Weep and Devils Rejoice.

A lovely looking girl in a tobacco store and behind a bar, selling cigars. Too bad for a man even! Women warn these dear girls and tell them not to lend their aid to vice.

April 11, 1901.

(1) For my morning lesson I read Neh. 4, which reads: But it came to pass that when Sanballat heard that we builded the wall he was wroth and took great indignation and mocked the Jews.

(2) And he spake before his brethren and the army of Samaria, and said, What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they sacrifice? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish seeing they are burned?

(3) Now Tobiah the Ammonite was by him and he said, Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall.

Hear, oh, our God; for we are despised! and turn back their reproach upon their own heads, and give them for a prey in a land of captivity!

And cover not their iniquity, and let not their sin be blotted out from before thee; for they have provoked thee to anger before the builders.

(4) So we built the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof; for the people had a mind to work.

This scornful Sanballat we can liken to the promoters of liquor traffic, who are indignant because the walls of protection are being built; they ridicule and defy; they know not that he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh at their puny arm. For we shall make our prayer unto our God and the people have a mind to work. These are the common people as it was then, for in chapter 3:5 we read: But their nobles put not their hands to the work of their Lord. These walls were built and with the help of God and the votes of the people we will build the walls of the Home Defenders.

Mrs. Nation.

It is significant of the spirit dominating the advocates of prohibition that, almost without exception, they have hailed the gymnastics of this crack-brained Kansas virago as the true and proper solution of the drink question. They have no words of condemnation for the murder of Mrs. Rosa Hudson by the cowardly assassins who took a preliminary drink at her brothers' bar. The end justifies the means. Lynch law is highly commendable if only the lynchers roll up their eyes and smash, burn, maim and murder in God's name. Their sole idea of reform is of something en-

forced from without. They propose not to persuade a man who wants a drink that it is hurtful and unwise to take it, but to tell him that he shall not take it, and brain him if he resists their dictation. Their motto is: "Meddle, meddle, and forever meddle!" Thus spoke fanaticism ever since the world began, despite the fact that no true reform ever since the world began was thus made effective. Human nature is not built that way. If their contention were true—as it certainly is not—that alcohol is the source of all evil, those who deal in this liquid would have far more to fear from the mother who stays at home and educates her sons to shun it, than from the mother who takes the family hatchet and sallies forth to make her sons blush for her deeds of violence.—(Can not name the paper this was clipped from.)

Why do you call me a crack-brained virago for doing what I was commanded to do by the Holy Spirit?—To do with my might what my hand found to do? Also I am commanded to destroy the works of the devil; and if the liquor traffic is not the works of the devil whose work is it? Certainly not God's!

I was not in the crowd that killed Mrs. Rose Hudson. This is a case of being killed for being in bad company, and a warning to all women to keep out of a saloon unless you go there to break it up, smash it. We have tried to persuade men not to drink that which robs him of all, even life, here and hereafter, and we have not been able to accomplish what we wish and do not wish to still pursue a method that will not work. Yes, it is true that this means meddle, meddle, and forever meddle." Your crowd thought our Savior was a meddler when you said "Who gave thee this authority?" The servant is not above his Lord but shall be as his Lord. His business is mine and that is to meddle with the devil's business, and you will see that I will "tend to my knitting." The mother that stays at home is no terror to evil-doers. It is the one who goes after them with the hatchet! You know!

Dr. Coombs on the Ideal Woman.

Dr. George H. Coombs in his lecture entitled "An Ideal Woman," says: "She should be cultured in all ways—physically and intellectually and spiritually. I would not have her individualistic, and not one of a common type. I would have her independent—not subject to the conventional, whether in fashion, in society, or otherwise. She should be self-supporting, also, if need be, for I believe that the whole world is woman's sphere—that it is equally her sphere to raise turnips or paint Madonnas, provided she does well and in a womanly way what she does."

He declared that heredity, environment and will were the three great factors in character building.

Yes, the whole world is woman's sphere. You find her wherever man is, of course, and she is willing to share and share alike with him. She is generally considered a toy till she marries, then she sometimes not only supports herself but the whole family.

"RUM IS A DAMNATION."

The Last Message of an Indianapolis Suicide for Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 10.—W. B. Carrow, a traveling representative of a New York firm of manufacturing chemists, committed suicide at the Stubbins Hotel yesterday afternoon or last night. His body was found lying on the bed today and writing indicated that he died from the effects of poison and bullets. A note on the dresser read:

"I go to seek the hereafter. Tell Carrie Nation that rum and cigarettes are a damnation."

How sad this is! O, the desolation in some heart that suffers for this great wrong. May God have mercy on his soul and bring condemnation and repentance to the parties who helped this man to go before his time into dread eternity. How long, O Lord? How long?

Profession is one thing, and living up to a profession is another thing. The world judges a Christian, not by what he professes, but by what he does. There is many a man who never reads the Bible, but he reads the Christians whose lives touch his. Blessed are we when men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

Yes, by their fruits ye shall know them, not by their leaves or blossoms. Taste the beautiful Siberian crab; how bitter to the taste. The foliage, bloom and fruit were fair to look upon and, just like some Christians, bitter when you taste them.